

# Run Boy Run

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Summary: A teenage boy is presented with the opportunity to escape one of the many factory's of city 17 along with some friends. Will they successfully evade their malefactors, and escape city 17, or will they be apprehended by combine forces? Rated T for language and violence.

## 1. Chapter 1: Wake

### Introduction

Hello there, dear readers, and welcome to my first fan fiction! I've been trying to work on this for a while, and get it up to around 1k words, but I haven't had the motivation to do so, so I'm uploading it in its current state to try and get some input, and hopefully some motivation. Constructive criticism is welcomed with open arms.

### Chapter One

Emile woke with a start. He yawned as he slipped off his mattress on the floor and stood up. He looked around the room, and saw the usual sight of the other child laborers on their own individual mattresses; they were all fast asleep.

Emile observed the room around him; a non functioning radiator on the far side of the room, to his left, a doorframe with no door, it being torn off its hinges for reasons unknown. On the right side, an old fireplace with two parallel windows, both barred.

The walls were a plain white, with no particular detail, save for some scrapes and cracks, revealing the brick wall underneath. The room was void of any furniture as well. He tiptoed through the minefield of sleeping workers and made his way to the door to get ready for work, He always was an early riser.

Emile went through the door and looked both ways into the hallway, stairs to the left, and the door out to the right. He walked down the hall to get ready. He put on his blue work jacket, following with putting on his old and worn brown boots.

He figured the Combine would come banging on their door in an hour or so, escorting the workers to the nearby factories. From what he could see it was barely daylight, around 6:00 AM, he guessed. But just then he got an urge to turn the handle of the door and try and open it, as if the door would be somehow unlocked, but as he expected, the handle wouldn't budge, thanks to the Combine lock.

He sighed and slumped against the white wall, wishing for one day of freedom. He decided to wake up his colleagues. He stood up and made to the door with the other workers.

Emile walked as quietly as he could with his boots to his bed and began thinking of what he would do if he was free from the grasp of the combine, free in the wilderness with like-minded individuals, free to start a new, free to build a new civilization!

He pictured an older version of himself, side by side with friends and allies, standing on the edge of a cliff, a sea crashing up against the cliff face, hundreds of meters below. The sun was setting over the horizon, casting long shadows onto the newly constructed haven behind them, built with the fragments and materials of a destroyed city.

But with horror, he realized he was still tripped over his mattress and landed on his friend Amy, who immediately shouted in surprise, waking almost everyone up in the room, "Emile, You klutz!" She laughed, pushing him off.

## 2. Chapter 2: Work

**\*\*Author Note\*\***

**\*\*Thanks for the pointers; I'll address these issues as best I can. Also I probably should have clarified the setting I'm leaning towards a bit better, Houndeye. It's set in a final product/beta hl2 hybrid universe, 5 years before the events of hl2. In some beta maps, you can see children working in factories, so that's what I'm going after. And you can probably expect some of the scrapped enemies, too. Hopefully I should be able to merge these two different versions into something that actually makes sense, and doesn't turn this story into an unreadable mess with more holes in the plot than a slice of swiss cheese. So as I go with this story in mind, feel free to continue critiquing to your heart's content, I'm gonna need a lot of it. I should probably clarify that these are less children and more teenager's, just clearing that up before people think I have eight year olds out smarting and beating trained soldiers, but I guess it might sound a bit silly even now. I should probably stop this author note here before it takes up half the chapter. So, without further ado, Enjoy!\*\***

### Chapter one: part two

Emile chuckled nervously. He rubbed the back of his neck, feeling embarrassed as he felt the eyes of the entire room groggily staring

at him to see what had happened. Emile quickly pushed himself up, offering to Amelia, to which she quickly obliged and pulled herself up with his help.

He looked around the room, a smile growing on his face crossing his arms. "You guys are lucky I have these antics just about every morning; you would have gotten it from the combine." Emile chuckled, trying to get a laugh. Not a sound; the entire room just stared with a blank expression, as if they were robots that didn't understand humor.

It seemed now-a-days, only he and Amy showed any emotion beyond anger, or sadness. Emile watched as the rest of the rooms sleepily pushed themselves off their beds, heading toward the door in a single file, uniform fashion.

Emile pushed into the line, not noticing that Amy stays behind. Once they reached the door, he waited for everyone to get ready, and he expected the combine to open the door in a few minutes. About ten minutes had passed; Emile leaned on the wall near the front door, watching the late risers get their work equipment on, which was little more than a pair of overalls and old worn boots. He began to wonder why he hadn't seen Amy yet.

He heard a loud banging on the door, eliminating any lingering drowsiness. Shortly after Emile heard the door unlock. The door swiftly open and he saw a couple of metro police standing in the door frame, "Everyone out, single file!" One of them shouted, the line quickly forming.

The two cp's moved to the side of the hallway, watching the line form and head out the door, silently counting the workers, "Halt!" a CP shouted, causing the entire line to jump, and immediately stop in their tracks. "Where is worker #77532?" Emile paled, 'Amy, what the hell are you doing?' He thought.

One of the cps headed into the sleeping quarters, unclipping his stun-stick. The CP reached the doorframe, and looked into the quarters. The cp continued in, and he heard his stun-stick spark to life. Emile quietly walked up to the door frame, making sure the other CP wasn't paying attention, to which he wasn't, 'Rookie' Emile thought.

He peered around the corner to see what was going on, and it was just as he had feared. He saw Amy standing defiantly in the centre of the room, Fists clenched, "First warning, get in line!" The CP shouted menacingly, with his stun-stick raised. Amelia stood seemingly unflinching, fists clenched, though her eyes betrayed what was on her mind, they being glazed with fear, "Second warning!" The officer shouted after a period of silence; she stood her ground.

The CP took two steps forward and struck Amy once causing her to fall on her knees. It took a great deal of self control to keep him from storming in the room and kicking the cp in the back. The CP hit her again in the back of the head before pulling her up and pushing her towards the door.

Emile heard Amy quietly sniffing, her head hung low. Most of the workers didn't seem to care, standing idly, like a machine waiting for a new command. Shortly after Amy had gotten ready, they headed

out the door in single file, heading towards the block of factories they all worked at.

Emile looked up at the worn and weathered smoke stacks made out of brick, looking like they could topple at the flap of a butterfly's wing. They reached the factories entrance and soon began production of various combine machinery.

Working at the factories usually consisted of little menial tasks such as keeping the assembly line in check, but sometimes some quote on quote "Lucky" workers get a work placement upgrade, where they get sent to do more difficult and dangerous jobs, operating with little to no protective equipment.

I worked my shift with little to no breathing room in between tasks, following my instructions to the T. Most of the tasks were dull and menial, and didn't require much physical effort, but it was the lack of tolerance for any slip ups and working for nine hours straight that wore on most of us.

I take a moment to take a look around the fairly spacious room. Combine machinery lined the walls, and led into a central conveyer that led out of the building. "Stop where you are!" a guard shouted suddenly. Emile turned his attention to the guard, who appeared to be focusing on something on the opposite side of the room; a man wearing a blue suit with a red tie.

He looked like one of those secret agents fifteen years back. The cp raised his SMG and walked towards the man, "Got a trespasser here in the factories, apprehending." The cp talked into his radio, but Emile wasn't focused on him, instead, he was focused on something else.

On the ground, several meters behind the guard, he saw an object on the ground; a brick. When Emile saw the brick, there was only one word that came to his mind—"Freedom.

### 3. Update

Long story short, this project is scrapped. At first it seemed like an alright idea, a few teens escaping city 17. but as I wrote on, the more ridiculous it seemed. Finally, I have decided to scrap this whole thing, and start over, though it'll probably remain in the hl universe.

End  
file.